Purge

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Purge

by Anonymous

Summary

It started with a feeling.

A wriggling sense of guilt worming its way up to forming a pit in his stomach every time he ate.

A voice at the back of his head telling him that it was wrong.

“You don’t deserve to eat.”

He didn’t know when exactly, but it had started some time after finding out the truth about his grandfather.

For the longest time, he tried not to let it get to him, but the voice persisted.

“Those are meals that he could have been eating if you hadn’t killed him.”

The need to throw up consumed him.

And eventually he acted on it.

He purged himself of everything until there was nothing left.

Eating Disorder, Self-harm. Vent.

VegeKaka and BulChi.

Chapter 1

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…

Goku stared at the plate in front of him with an anxious expression. He had the fork but the most he had done was poke and prod at the meat.

“Goku? Sweetie, what's wrong?” Chichi asked one evening, as they were sitting at the table. Goten was spending the night with Trunks, so it was just them. “You’ve barely touched your meal. If you don’t hurry, it’s gonna get cold.”

“Oh, right, sorry… I’ll finish it now.” Goku forced a smile, before scarfing it down, just to appease her.

“Man, that was delicious. Thanks, Chichi.” Goku stood up, nausea hitting him like bricks. He could feel his body rejecting the meat already, but he tried to keep it down, even if only for a few minutes.

“What? That's really all you're eating?” Chichi asked. “Usually you’d want more than more than that…”

“Yeah, I’m kinda not all that hungry right now. I ate some vegetables from our field while I was working earlier. You think you could put the rest up in the fridge for me? I’ll have some later.” Goku lied, in an attempt to reduce her concern as he chugged down the cup of milk he had poured for himself. Milk always made it easier to throw up.

“Of course I can, but are you sure you’re feeling alright? You’ve been acting rather strange lately.” Chichi stared at him. “It’s starting to worry me.”

They weren’t together anymore, but she feared if didn’t keep an eye on him, he would end up hurting himself, whether by accident or even on purpose. He just seemed so lost anymore. And quiet. It scared her. He was never like this before. She couldn’t imagine what had caused the change in him. He almost looked like he was feeling guilty about something.

“I have? I hadn’t realized.” Goku laughed sheepishly. “But don’t worry about it. I’m fine, I swear.”

He couldn't tell her. About the nightmares, or the voices. It would just cause her more unnecessary concern. She already had enough going on dealing with Goten and Gohan. Holding his hands on the table, he tried to fight off the wave of nausea passing over him, his stomach begging him to get rid of everything.

"Listen. I'm gonna go take a shower now, okay? Also, I'm thinking of spending some time with Vegeta later. You don't mind, do you?" Goku stood up, already making a beeline towards the bathroom.

"This late? Well, just be careful, alright…?" She sighed, not surprised. She knew what spending time with Vegeta meant. No doubt more training.

"I will!" Goku assured her, before locking the door behind him. He turned on the shower, hoping to drown out of the sound of gagging as he forced himself to throw up everything once again.

In that moment the sight of blood flashed through his head.

He could see it on his hands as he shook him.

Those lifeless eyes.

His screams calling out, begging for his grandfather to respond.

Dead.

He was dead.

Because of him.

He shouldn’t even be alive right now. All he did was put his friends' lives in danger.

But so many people needed him.

Tears made their way to his eyes, a small feeling of guilt formed in the pit of his stomach after everything was out.

Chichi wasn’t rich like Bulma. Chichi did everything she could to budget and put food on the table to feed their family, so they’d have just enough to survive off of, but here he was wasting it.

But what else was he supposed to do at this point?

Any time he tried to eat anything anymore, his body rejected it.

It was too late to turn back now.

Besides, he deserved this.

…

When Goku appeared before Vegeta, Vegeta was already in the process of training in the gravity room.

“Wahh!” Goku just barely managed to jump out of the way of one of his energy blasts in time, falling on his butt in the process.

“Kakarot?!” Vegeta’s eyes widened. “What are you doing here?”

“Oh, uh…” Goku lowered his head a bit, scratching his cheek with a small blush. “I was gonna ask if you wanted to train with me for a while, but I didn’t know you already had been…”

Vegeta stared at him for a moment before looking away. “...It’s fine… I’ve been looking after Bulla most of the day, so I just got here…”

“Why? Did something bad happen…?” Goku asked, a bit worried as he looked up at him.

“No, she’s fine. It’s just a bit of a fever. Bulma’s with her now.”

“Oh, I see… Well, I hope she feels better…”

“Yeah… But enough about that. Are you going to fight me or not?” Vegeta prepared his stance.

Goku stood up with a smirk. “Did you even have to ask?”

…

“What’s the matter, Kakarot? This can’t possibly be the best you’ve got!” Vegeta was becoming increasingly aggressive, irritated by Goku’s poor responses. “Stop holding back on me already!”

Dodging one of Vegeta’s punches, Goku cursed himself, trying to ignore how weak he felt. Maybe not eating was a bad idea, after all, but he’d just end up throwing it up anyways so what was the point?

“I’m not! Woah, hey, just calm down!” Goku argued back.

"Damn it, why the hell are you so slow today?!" Vegeta demanded. “This isn’t like you!”

“I know… I just…” Goku couldn’t finish the sentence. How could he even explain what was going on?

It wasn’t like he could tell him he had been throwing up his meals. Vegeta would probably just get mad at him again.

“You know what? Screw it.” Vegeta pushed him aside upon not receiving an answer. “If you can’t take this seriously, then don’t bother. I was doing just fine on my own.”

“Vegeta, wait…!” Goku started to walk after him. But as he did so, another wave of dizziness passed over him. “Shit…”

Without any warning, he collapsed, falling to his knees. He tried to keep himself from laying down entirely, but his body was trembling, too heavy to hold himself up anymore.

He was out of energy. Stars invaded his vision, and the last thing he could process before everything faded to black was the feeling of hands shaking his body, the muffled sound of Vegeta’s voice calling out his name. He couldn't grasp what he was saying very well, but he could have sworn there was concern.

“Vegeta… I’m fine… You don’t… need to worry about me.”

Despite his words, arms lifted him up anyways.

Goku closed his eyes, slowly finding himself melting in the other Saiyan's warmth as darkness consumed him.

…

A/N: Dunno how far I'll go with this, or how many people are interested, but my other Vegekaka story has been extremely difficult for me, so I wanted to write something in the meantime, especially since a friend is writing me a beautiful VegeKaka fic so I wanted to try to at least start something in return.

Chapter 2

“Out of my way!” A mix of irritation and panic gripped Vegeta's chest as he stormed through the halls of Capsule Corp towards the infirmary, holding Goku's unconscious body tightly in his arms.

What the hell just happened?

He desperately tried to wrack his brain for answers.

Normally, Goku would have had no problem matching his intensity in battle, but he was barely able to put up a fight.

And now he had collapsed?

What could have caused this? And why was he so out of energy?

This isn’t like him.

Well, whatever the case, I need to hurry.

Stopping in front of the infirmary, he used his foot to kick open the door, stepping inside.

“One of you, get over here now!” He demanded. “I need you to take a look at him. It’s urgent. He collapsed during our fight. He’s not responding.”

“O-of course! Right this way, Mr. Vegeta!” A woman stammered, leading him to room three. It wasn’t like he held any actual authority, but most people were afraid of him.

Vegeta's expression was somewhat forlorn as he placed Goku's body down on the stretcher. A body which felt so much lighter than it should have been.

I could have sworn he weighed more than this.

Tuning out his surroundings, he ran a hand across Goku's forehead, brushing some hair out of his face.

Even as he slept, his breaths were ragged and uneven.

His skin is so pale…

Is he sick?

Sitting down in the chair, he took in the sight of the medical equipment and monitoring devices surrounding them, watching as a couple doctors came into the room, checking Goku's vitals and pulse.

He watched them work, waiting to hear what they had to say.

"His blood sugar is low. And he appears to be malnourished. Do you know if he's eaten anything today?" One asked.

"To be honest, I'm not sure." Vegeta admitted. "He only got here a little while ago."

Blood sugar…? He paused at the thought. *Well, that would certainly explain why he collapsed. But even so… What on earth would possess that idiot to fight me if he felt that way…? Doesn't he know how important it is to keep his energy up? Only a fool would try to fight somebody on an empty stomach. And Kakarot* ***always*** *eats.*

Something's not adding up here.

That's when the realization passed over him.

Hold on. If it's really just hunger causing this, then couldn't I just give him a senzu bean? Surely, it would have no problem filling him up.

“There's something I need to get. I'll be right back.” Leaving Goku in the hands of the doctors even if only temporarily, Vegeta quickly made his way out of the building, flying off in the direction of Korin's tower, trying his best to tell himself that a senzu bean would fix Goku right up.

They said it’s low blood sugar.

He just forgot to eat. A skipped meal. That's all.

So why am I so worried about him?

In that moment, the sight of Goku's sickly pale skin flashed through his head.

His labored breathing.

And above all else, just how light and frail Goku had felt in his arms.

I haven't seen him in over a month and the first time I do, he's collapsing?

Damn it…

That idiot had better take better care of himself because I'm not going to do this again.

…

When Vegeta arrived, Yajirobi and Korin were in the process of playing some strange game which he recognized as limbo.

“Hey, it's Vegeta. How's it hanging?” Yajirobi greeted him casually.

“I'm fine.” Vegeta chose not to comment on the pair's game with a frustrated, though not necessarily angry, expression. Turning his attention to Korin. "Korin, I need a senzu bean. It's Kakarot, he’s collapsed.”

Korin quickly paused his movements to look over at Vegeta.

"Eh?!? Goku collapsed? What the heck's going on?" Yajirobi exclaimed.

"I’m not sure.” Vegeta said, giving him the same answers he had the doctors. “It happened during our fight. Apparently, his blood sugar is low. They think it’s because he hasn't eaten anything, so I figured a senzu bean would help fill him. You have some, right?”

“Yeah, they're over there. Take as many as you need.” Korin pointed over to the jar.

Vegeta headed over to the jar of senzu beans, pausing to look back at Yajirobi and Korin as he grabbed a handful. "Hey... can I ask you a quick question…?”

“Sure. What's up?” Korin inquired.

“I was wondering if you… Agh… Forget it. ” Vegeta stopped himself, becoming flustered. “I'll ask him myself.”

Before Korin could respond, Vegeta took off looking down at the senzu beans in his hand.

By the time Vegeta had returned, the doctors were in the process of hooking Goku up to a tube through his nose which was not only feeding him nutrients but hydrating him as well.

“Move it, I've got this covered.” Vegeta wormed his way in between them despite their protests. Chewing up one of the beans, he leaned down to deliver it in the only way he knew how.

However, right as their noses were only inches apart, his heart pounded in his chest, almost losing his nerve at the thought of sticking his tongue into his rival's mouth.

What the hell am I getting so nervous for?

It's not like I'm kissing him, so why?

It's just a sensu bean.

That's all.

Just calm down already…

Vegeta's face was filled with uncertainty as he hovered over Goku, staring at his lips for the longest time. Finally letting out a deep, shaky, breath, he closed his eyes and let his lips gently brush against Goku's.

Not a kiss.

It was most definitely ***not*** a kiss.

Fuck.

He was only doing what he had to to get the job done.

Nothing more .

Or so he tried to tell himself anyways.

That was the most invasive thought hit him out of nowhere.

I never imagined Kakarot's lips would be this soft. It feels nice…

Crap, what am I even ***thinking*** *?!!!*

Stupidstupidstupid just focus on the sensu bean!

Placing a hand at the side of Goku's face, his tongue met the other Saiyan's as he delivered the crushed bits into his mouth.

A strand of saliva broke between them as Goku swallowed it.

“Vegeta…?” Goku opened his eyes moments later, blinking as he tried to process his surroundings. “What happened…?”

“Ah, um…” Vegeta quickly backed away, a small blush on his cheeks. *Oh god. Did he just feel me? Fuck, I'm such an idiot…* He forced himself to keep his expression steady as he watched Goku's face. He couldn't help but notice the trace of saliva that still lingered on his lips. Just thinking about it was enough to make his heart race. "You passed out from low blood sugar. I had to bring you a senzu bean."

"You fed me a senzu bean…?" Goku's voice was strained, a look of panic in his eyes. Nausea coursed through his stomach as his body processed the small bean against his will.

"Y-yeah, is… is that alright?” A puzzled expression washed over Vegeta’s face, taken aback by Goku's reaction. Had he done something wrong? “You were unconscious, so-”

As he said that, a pang of guilt hit him. He was only trying to save his life, not take advantage of his body. If Goku had interpreted it that way, then-

“You shouldn't have *done* that… I can't…” Goku wasn't thinking about the mouth-to-mouth. His focus was stuck solely on how sick he felt. He bitterly looked away, frustration consuming him. Just one bean was enough to keep a person full for ten days. What was he supposed to do? *This is bad. I have to get rid of it…*

Vegeta's eyes widened as he realized just how upset Goku was. Had his intentions been misunderstood?

"I-I'm sorry! I- I wasn't trying to- I just- I thought-" Vegeta quickly stammered out his words, unable to think of a coherent explanation.

“I have to go…” In a panic, Goku tore the feeding tube out of his nose. He clasped a hand over his mouth, rushing past him. All he could think about was his desire to rid himself of the bean. He had no clue what would happen if he tried to throw up after eating a Senzu, if he even *could* , but he had to try.

“Wait… Kakarot…!” Vegeta was in shock as Goku raced past him, mind swirling with the worst possible notions.

He didn't know what stung more. The idea that his attempt to save Goku had been interpreted so negatively or that the fact that Goku was apparently *that* disgusted by the simple notion of sharing a kiss with him. Sure, it wasn't like they were a couple or anything, but still… Was it really that bad to him?

All of a sudden, he could no longer hold back the wave of emotions he felt surging through him. His shock quickly transitioned into anger, feeling more hurt and humiliated than he felt like he had a right to be.

“Damn that idiot! I went out of my way to save his life and that's how he treats me? For trying to save him?”

Moisture blurred his vision. He wiped it away in irritation, stomping out of the infirmary. “Well, screw him.”

…

Goku bursted into one of the bathrooms, locking the door and throwing himself at the toilet.

Shoving his fingers into his throat, he made no haste in forcing himself to gag.

But a growing sense of helplessness ate away at him when nothing outside of some minor stomach bile came up.

Nothing at all.

Desperate tears formed in his eyes.

Why isn't it working?

I feel so full, but nothing's coming out.

There's nothing here!

What did that senzu bean do to me?

Damn it…

Despite the futility, Goku tried again and again.

He kept trying until the sight of blood caught his eyes, dripping from his mouth into the water beneath him. The taste of iron was overwhelming.

I'm bleeding…

I must have scratched myself without realizing it…

Looking down at his fingers, he watched the blood mix in with his saliva, finding himself entranced by the sight of it, and even if only for a moment, he actually felt better.

All of a sudden, Vegeta's face flashed through his head. The memory of being held in his arms. The feeling of Vegeta's lips against his own. And above all else, the hurt and confusion in the other Saiyan's eyes when he pushed him away.

Vegeta… I'm sorry…

You were only trying to help me.

Yet all I did was lash out at you…

I need to apologize.

He gathered some water into his hands under the sink and swallowed it, gargled it, doing whatever he could in hopes that it would make the bleeding stop.

At the very least it had stilled some. Maybe it wouldn't be noticable.

Running out of the bathroom, he started to head back into the same direction he had come from, but right as he did, Vegeta crashed into him. Yes, despite his irritation, Vegeta had chosen to come after him in the end, he still had questions and wanted answers.

“Vegeta…!” Goku jumped back, startled.

"...!" Vegeta couldn't help but freeze in his tracks. The anger he'd felt had all but melted away when he met his eyes.

Goku had told himself he would apologize and yet, now that he stood before him, his heart leaped in his chest, wanting nothing more than to get away from here.

An uncomfortable silence settled between them, before Vegeta finally chose to break it. “I wanted to talk to you about earlier. I was wondering if you had…”

His throat tightened when he suddenly noticed a blood stain on Goku's gi as well as what looked to be blood on his lip. His eyes widened as he tried to decide how to go about the moment.

He swallowed down the lump in his throat before speaking. His expression hardened.

“Hold on, are you… bleeding…?” Vegeta reached a hand out towards his face. “What happened?”

Goku's heart dropped in his chest when he realized it still hadn't stopped. He pulled back, defensively covering his mouth. “I-It's nothing! I just bit my lip a moment ago. I’m fine.”

Another lie. Another pang of guilt.

He had done the same thing again.

Vegeta stared at him for a moment, but chose not to comment, instead changing the subject.

“...I noticed you had lost weight when I was carrying you earlier. They thought you hadn’t eaten anything.” Vegeta averted his gaze. “Why? Did you just… forget?”

“I *did* eat, though…” Goku strained to speak. “Right before I left earlier.”

“You did?” Vegeta was more confused than ever.

“Yeah… With Chichi…” Goku said. What he wouldn’t say was that he had thrown it up.

“I-If that’s true, then what happened?” Vegeta was officially baffled. “Why did you pass out earlier? They told me it was low blood sugar and you seemed just fine after I gave you a senzu bean, so…”

“I don’t know, okay…?” Goku looked away. “But whatever it is is over now… So… Thanks…”

Down deep, he wasn’t happy about ingesting the senzu bean at all, but just knowing that Vegeta had cared enough to save him sent a small warmth through his chest.

“...I’m… sorry, by the way.” Vegeta lowered his head, his cheeks turning red. “You didn’t consent to me putting my mouth on yours… If I had known that it would upset you… I wouldn’t have done it. I’d have found some other way to…”

Goku blinked, a small blush forming on his face as well as he remembered the feeling of Vegeta’s lips again. *Hold on. He really thinks that **that’s** what I was upset about…? It wasn't like he was trying to kiss me or anything...*

He laughed, waving his free hand. “Hey, it’s okay, really! I know you didn’t mean anything by it… Sure, it was a little weird at first, but I know you were just trying to help me, so I’m not upset about it anymore.”

“A-Ah…” Despite his relief that Goku wasn’t upset anymore, Vegeta’s chest clenched upon hearing that. It wasn’t like he *liked* him or anything, so why did the idea that it had bothered him in the first place still hurt so much?

The downcast expression on Vegeta’s face quickly made Goku reconsider his words. Was it really something that important to him?

“Listen!” He quipped. “Why don’t we go and train some more and just forget about that stuff already…?”

“...Yeah…” Vegeta murmured, telling himself it was best for both of them if they never spoke of this again. “Let’s do that.”

…

“Chichi, I’m home. Chichi…? Oh…” When Goku teleported home that night, he was surprised to see that Chichi was resting against the table. “I guess she fell asleep…”

Approaching her, he lifted her into his arms, careful not to wake her up and headed to her room, laying her in the bed.

Covering her with the blanket, he smiled a bit, before leaving.

Returning to the kitchen, he turned off the lights and made his way over to the couch, laying down against the pillow.

All of a sudden, the sound of water drops hitting the window had caught his attention.

He hadn't realized it until now but apparently it was storming.

Not that Goku minded, of course. The sound of rain had always been rather relaxing to him somehow.

Closing his eyes, he sighed.

Once again, just like before, memories from earlier that day flashed through his head.

Even now his stomach was burning, wanting more than anything to reject the senzu bean that he had consumed.

Rubbing his stomach, he turned his head over to the side, once again trying to stifle the tears of frustration in his eyes as bile made its way to his throat, eating away at him.

He couldn't stand it.

A senzu bean wasn't normal food and nor was it a meal that he could simply throw up. It had digested immediately with nope of purging.

Ten days.

He'd have to endure this for *ten whole days.*

All Goku wanted was to vomit and get rid of it.

But he couldn't.

Damn it.

He wanted so badly to be angry at Vegeta for making such a decision for him, while he was unconscious no less, but after hearing his apology, he couldn't possibly find it in his heart to stay mad at him.

Because Vegeta rarely ever apologized.

And also…

His lips.

Goku's ears involuntarily heated up as he remembered it.

They were so warm…

And gentle too…

"You've… never done that…?"

"Hm…? Done what?"

"You know… Kissing…"

Goku's face flashed even brighter as a past conversation came to mind.

He had seen Trunks do the same thing to Mai.

It wasn't like Goku didn't know what kissing was. Chichi had kissed him *multiple* times, but never on the lips. After all, she had other ways of showing affection and expressing her love to him. It wasn't necessary for them.

And yet… the idea of doing that with Vegeta again sent a strange warmth through his chest.

The same warmth he had felt when Vegeta held him in his arms.

Almost immediately after, he covered his face with his arm.

What's wrong with me…?

I shouldn't be thinking about this stuff.

Tossing back over in frustration, Goku shut his eyes.

I need to sleep.

Reverting his focus to the sound of the rain hitting the window, he slowly felt himself drift off to sleep.

…

Young Goku opened his eyes to see that the entire area around him was in rubble.

Getting up, he took a step forward, feeling his heart drop at the sight before him.

Trees were destroyed.

A cold chill passed over him as the wind hit his bare body.

"What happened here? And why am I naked?"

He continued, fearfully looking around for answers.

"I remember going out to pee last night and then… Why can't I remember anything after that…? Everything is blank… My head is all fuzzy." Taking step after step, Goku headed towards a small crater he spotted in the distance.

When he reached it, a pit formed in his stomach as he processed the sight before him.

It was a person.

And so much blood that he almost didn't recognize it.

Until that familiar shade of orange caught his eye.

His eyes widened in horror when the realization dawned on him.

"Grandpa!"

Running over, tears made their way to his eyes and he threw himself at the old man without restraint.

"Grandpa, what's wrong?! What happened?! Hey! Wake up! Grandpa…!"

He shook him despite the blood now staining his hands. His voice cracked with desperation. "Please… You have to wake up…! Grandpa… Grandpa!"

Turning him over, that's when saw it.

Gohan's eyes were open, but he wasn't responding.

…

"Grandpa!"

Goku woke up in a cold sweat, gapsing for air. The sight had burned into his memory.

He could still see it.

The blood on his hands.

So much blood.

His first instinct was to run to the bathroom as always.

Turn on the shower.

Throw himself at the toilet and purge.

Or that’s what he would normally do.

But no matter how much he tried, nothing came up.

Bitter tears fell down his face in defeat.

Dead.

All because of me and that **stupid *transformation***.

Because I didn’t listen to him.

He told me not to look at the full moon, yet I did it anyway.

I'm such an ***idiot*** *...*

He tried to throw up again and again until he was bleeding just like before.

The sight of the blood relaxed him only slightly but it wasn't enough.

He needed more.

More blood.

More pain.

He deserved it.

He *needed* it.

It was at that moment that he noticed a shaving razor blade and he did the first thing he could think of. He ripped off his wrist cuff and slashed open the skin.

It didn't make huge cuts, but it was enough to draw blood. He watched it drip into the water with a certain satisfaction, the sweltering storm in his chest once again simmering.

Finally, he was able to breathe again, but the shame at what he had done to himself took over just as fast.

What have I done…?

He stared in horror at the blood on his arm.

Disappointment in himself losing control like that consumed him.

Dropping the blade and burying his face in his arm, all he could do was cry.

…

A/N: Well, that got pretty dark at the end. I hope everybody liked that somehow…

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!